

The Latin School Register

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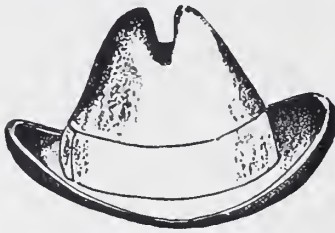
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SEPTEMBER, 1901

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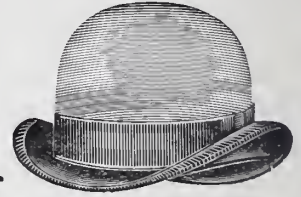
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXI., NUMBER 1

SEPTEMBER, 1901

ISSUED MONTHLY

THE LEGEND OF THE CUP

The castle stood high by the foaming Rhine ;
Its baron sat quaffing his Rhenish wine.

His vassals, five score, on long seats of wood
Around the great table or sat or stood.

Their shoutings resounded throughout the hall
From stone floor to ceiling, from wall to wall.

“Now bring forth the bowl which, long years
ago,
We wrested from Heinrich, my ancient foe.

“When we burned his castle and brought
back spoil
That fully repaid us our midnight toil.”

The baron spake thus, and, midst loud
acclaim,

They brought in the beaker. In state it
came,

Borne high by two pages. It was of gold,
Inscribed 'round the brim in raised letters
bold :

“Who drinks from this cup, who drinks the
most,
T'bat night his daughter shall see my ghost.”

The baron laughed, “Ten years ago I
killed

Proud Heinrich ; we shall see ” — the cup
be filled —

“If his ghost disturbs my sweet daughter's
sleep.”

Then he drained the cup, and again drank
deep.

His vassals, with clamor, their good wine
drank,

And one by one 'neath the great table
sank.

In slumber sweet, Elsa, his daughter, slept
While into her chamber the moonlight crept.

It lay o'er her form like a silver shawl ;
It lit up the tapestries on the wall.

As quiet and dreamy is her repose
As the depths of the Rhine which 'round her
flows.

She sees not, and hears not the phantom
glide
From back of a tapestry to her side.

It was short and staggering. Fastened tight
Around its head was a large towel white.

She heeded it not 'till it clutched her hand,
And she felt her cheek by its damp breath
fanned.

With a shriek she started to jump from bed,
But fell back in a faint like one quite dead.

A moment she lay there all cold and white,
Alone with the ghost in the dim moonlight,

But harmless, the ghost leaped back, gazed
around,

Then slowly went off, and without a sound.

Amazed, the women who watched o'er the
maid

All quickly rushed in, 'though all were afraid.

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They lifted her gently from off the floor,
And they smiled as they saw her smile once
more.

With wonder and trembling they heard her
tell

The weird and strange happening that her
befell.

They watched by her bedside till morning
broke,

All eager to tell their lord when he woke.

Intense was the baron's wrath when he
knew

The prophecy of the cup had come true,

He swore he would tear the knave limb from
limb

Who dared to insult thus his daughter, him,

Their Lord ; they were joking. Ah ! he
would see

Who this ghost of Heinrich, his foe, might
be.

The ghost of the baron whom he had slain,
Whose bones had unburied these ten years
lain !

His vassals had foolish fears of the cup !
To-night he would drink of it thrice filled up.

Inside of his daughter's room there should
be

A woman awake and alert. Guards three

Outside of the door, on watch in the hail
Prepared to rush in at the woman's call.

Unknown to his Elsa should all things be ;
This night she would have a sleep calm and
free.

He took her up fondly upon his knec
And told her no ghost this time should she
see.

(Continued on Page 15.)

S A N M A T E O I N ' 7 9

THE greatest event in the life of Southern Arizona in those days was the annual race at San Mateo. Many a race have I seen on your Eastern tracks, but never a one can compare with those of Arizona. Your Eastern races are cut and dried affairs ; your track is artificial, your horses are maneuvered like puppets, your crowds are cold. Give me the races at San Mateo in early autumn, when the "bunkies" are back from their summer trips into the mountains after Apaches, when the "greasers" are up from the mines, when the cow-punchers are in from the ranches, when the whole frontier is off for a holiday. Those are the days worth living.

There are none of your cold, passionless crowds there. Every man has his favorite and

is not afraid to back it. Every man, from the Colonel commanding to the Chinese cook, is tingling all over with excitement. Every horse in the race is in it for blood. A victory at San Mateo gives a Western horse a reputation from the Mississippi to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico. Men "go broke" for months as a result of a race, while others sell their kits and take a palace car home. It is the Western Derby.

Many a good race I've seen. I remember when "Rainbow" won it in '71. My captain shot himself on account of it. That was an exciting race, I'll tell you. "Black Jack's" little mare, "Kittie," led for seven miles, and then the big roan led the rest of the way. But the most exciting was in '79.

There were seventeen starters, and every

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one a record holder. Colonel Williams of the infantry had in his gray, "Pete"; Tony, that kept the saloon, had "Bluebell"; "Black Jack" had "Coyote," fresh from the regimental races at Jackson; Don Carlos had his bay stallion, "Felipe"; I had my black, "Midnight."

On the day of the race, the prairie was crowded with people. There were cow-punchers, soldiers, white miners, Mexican miners, Chinese miners, Indians, and a few tourists, conspicuous by their clothes.

The day was perfect, not a cloud showing. The sand was dry and firm and the breeze blew briskly from the West. The race was about nine miles, from San Mateo to *Cerro Gordo*, through the *quebrada* beyond the railroad track, and back by way of Sand Flats. It is no sinecure to keep a horse going over that course. None but a Western horse could do it. An Eastern mount would have foundered at two miles.

I had just finished saddling "Midnight" and was tying a ribbon to his forelock, when "Black Jack" came up to me. He looked troubled and his swarthy face was marked by a frown.

"Ned," said he, "I'm stuck. That little fool of a Manuel is gone an' got drunk, an' I'm stuck. He's the only one used to 'Coyote' an' — I'm stuck."

"Why don't you ride him yourself?" I asked.

"Too heavy. That horse goes light, an' I'd sink him in two miles. I'm done for, old man, I'm stuck." And he fingered his revolver nervously.

"Well, pard, I guess you'll have to quit then. — What's the matter with that Navajo that used to ride Williams' horses? He's not riding.

"Oh, he's in jail for some lifting in Toltec. I can't get him." "Jack" walked up and down, scowling ominously.

"See here," said I, "you're the sheriff. Can't you use him for to-day?"

"I tried, but he said he'd see me in hell first. I come mighty near pluggin' him for his impudence. The little devil laughed and said he hoped as how I couldn't find any one. He said that if I let him go free he'd ride for me, but I —."

"Well, go ahead. I guess nobody'll ever inquire about him, if he does go free. And it's a case of losing the race. I've got a horse in, but I don't want to see you left in the lurch. 'Jack.' Go ahead and try it."

"All right, pard," said he, and he hurried away.

There was an immense throng about the starting place, crowding each other to see the horses and riders. There were all kinds of riders, velvet-suited Mexicans, bare-necked cowboys, blue-shirted soldiers, naked Indians. The horses were of all shapes and sizes, from Howling Bear's big eighteen-hand white nag to Myers' little chestnut mare.

At the word, the seventeen sprang away in a heart-breaking gallop, with a Mexican leading. The wind blew in our faces, hummed in in our ears, rushed through our hair. The rhythmical beat of the hoofs became a grumble, broken only by an occasional yell from some Indian rider.

Gradually we left the smooth road and struck some rough country. Many a horse stopped here, many a man gave in to the terrible rush of blood to his head. The ceaseless gallop was beginning to tell on "Midnight," but still I could feel that there was plenty more in him.

When we got to *Cerro Gordo*, there were seven left of the seventeen. "Bluebell," "Pete," "Coyote," was the order, with my mount a comfortable fourth. I could see the Navajo youth, with teeth firmly set and eyes blazing, guiding his horse by pressure of his knees alone. He made a striking picture,

and I was forced to feel a thrill of admiration at him.

Round the knot we sped and neared the *quebrada*, which is a ravine filled with loose stones. Here two more dropped out, and I moved up to third, "Pete" dropping back of the bunch. His rider, a heavy cavalryman, had killed him by using the quirt. Like the wind we flew, the road becoming a blinding ribbon of light to our eyes.

The road was easy now, and I let out my black and jumped to second, following close after "Coyote," who was running strongly in first place. At Sand Flats we were loudly cheered and the Navajo lad opened up several lengths on me. He was riding for his liberty and he realized it. His whole body was in action, his naked back glistening in the sun, the muscles of his legs standing out. Being without a saddle, he was well up on the horse's neck.

The heavy sand on the way home laid out the others, and the Indian lad and myself were the only ones left. I spurred my horse and rapidly closed the space between us. With another leap I caught him and was riding side by side with him.

His face was drawn and haggard, his black eyes gleamed like those of a serpent, his mouth was a thin line in his face. I pitied him. We flew along for about a hundred yards, and then I passed him. My heart was light and I gently spurred "Midnight." My ambitions were soon to be realized. I had tried for some four years to win the San Mateo, and at last victory was in sight. Already we could see the crowds, and I could hear beforehand the hurrahs of the people.

I looked around and, close at my elbows, was "Coyote," his eyes bloodshot and his mouth wide open. I glanced at his rider. Crouched on the neck of his horse, plying his quirt with might and main, was the Navajo. Victory meant liberty, defeat prison bars. All

the passions of his race were aroused, and he fairly quivered with excitement. I could hear him singing, and it was the war song of his nation :

" Ah-yah, ah-yah, sa-ma-yah
O-o-ah, ah-yah."

The chant sounded deathly, and instinctively I sat up to hear better. With a rush "Coyote" was alongside. The Indian's eyes glittered, as he looked at me from under his horse's neck. I smiled and spurred.

Now we were almost home, and I spurred — and spurred again. "Midnight" made a gallant effort and ran along neck and neck with his rival. The shouts of the crowd came to my ears harshly and drowned out the Indian's song, but I knew he was singing, ever singing. "Midnight" was doing his best, and no amount of spurring could make him go faster.

Perhaps "Coyote" was a red-skin's horse once ; perhaps he remembered something of the past ; the wild rides over the plains after the fleeing cattle, the quick dashes among the towns, the sinew-tearing flights from the cavalry, the long stretches of the Southern prairies, and the rough roads among the Sierra Madres. However it was, I heard a yell and saw the Navajo lying along his horse's neck and yelling at the top of his voice.

With a bound "Coyote" got the lead, opened up a yard, two, six yards. In vain I spurred, in vain I shook the reins. No horse could have closed that gap. The little red devil was shouting and yelling when he crossed the line, clinching the victory and earning his own liberty.

Don't talk to me of Eastern races. They're dead.

KUNGO TUNKE, '02.



The banjo club will be organized as soon as possible. Let all who wish to join, hand in their names to Mason, Room 17.

A DAY IN NATURE'S SANCTUARY

I AM inclined to be of the opinion that it was entirely Nature's fault, but my respected friend, Jack Greensboro, *insists* that it was; so there you are. Jack had been rather grumpy and otherwise out of sorts for a week or more. Somehow he had formed a speaking acquaintance with a number of scientific chaps; especially he was quite "chummy" with Professor Bugge of Hamilton Academy. This estimable man at once offered Jack a proposition to cure him of this "gnawing unrest" which proposition was to get "close to the great, warm heart" of Mother Nature who, as the professor eloquently observed, "never yet betrayed the heart that loved her."

The sanctuary where Jack was to find his turbulent spirits calmed by a "soft and healing sympathy" was a tract of wooded country commonly known as Grubb's woods — strange name for a mystic shrine — and thither I saw Greensboro trot off one hot, summer morning in company with the bland "devotee of Nature" above mentioned.

I consider Jack eminently unreasonable. Now, for instance, he incessantly demands a confession that it was a piece of pure wantonness on Mother Nature's part to pitch him into the muddy depths of a pool whose "mirrored loveliness" he had been admiring from an over-hanging tree stump. He is utterly deaf to my hints of the impropriety of courting Nature's friendship in slippery dance-shoes and goes on to inquire, with arrogant superiority, if the sympathy which Nature bestows on her worshippers is imparted to us by our prancing for five miles through "lovely thickets," consisting chiefly of blackberry thorns, in search of some wondrous secret known by the inviting appellation of *Pegonia Verticillata*, but which turns out to be nothing but an insignificant

greenish blossom. I mutter something of the "vulgar, unappreciative rabble" not being expected to appreciate Nature's secrets, but this merely serves as a fresh incentive, for he scornfully queries, "I presume Nature's worshippers are expected to thrive and grow fat on their own enthusiasm; as is evidently the case from the fact that when the approach of lunch hour was broached to Professor Bugge he meekly responded that he 'had forgotten it,' being too common a subject to require attention, I suppose. Futhermore, "I desire to be informed" he pursues, suffering no reply nor excuses, "I desire to be informed whether the thousands of humming mosquitoes were 'Nature's orchestra,' and of the exact status with their wood queen which the innumerable creeping things which went on perilous exploration tours down your back and up your coat-sleeve occupy. Nay more, whether the countless burrs and other prickly projectiles with which he was ruthlessly pelted were to be identified as 'Nature's kisses sweet.'"

Then as a crowning, overweening argument he implores, nay, demands the solution of the problem as to whether his feeling that night like a boneless codfish and worse, was the way Nature's "balm" commonly worked. I answer with great dignity that one cannot be expected at all to enter "Nature's sanctuary" by sliding down the chimney, which eloquent comparison he does not condescend to adjust to to his own case, but smiles a lofty and rather pitying smile and goes his own stubborn way.

H. H. H.



C. Lublin, business manager of last year's REGISTER, has gone to Columbia College, where he has received one of the very few open scholarships awarded in advance.

L A T I N S C H O O L R E G I S T E R

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SEPTEMBER, 1901

ONCE more, and for some of us it is the last time, we come back to the old school, fresh from the long breathing-space granted us. To those who have but one short year left them here, there is little enough to say; they have found how dear the Latin School is to them, and already feel by anticipation the sorrow of the final parting with it ten months hence. But to the others, and more especially to those who are with us for the first time, let us say that every day that they have the privilege of spending in the Boston Latin School is precious to them,—how precious they will realize, perhaps, only when they have but a little time left them here. Let them remember that it is no slight thing to be connected with the school of Franklin and Phillips Brooks, of Emerson and Beecher. Let them take pride in trying to keep the school's standard equal to what it has ever been in the past. Let them realize that it is a great privilege to belong to the Latin School, and let them prove themselves worthy of the honor bestowed on them. And when the year is done, if each member of the school, even if he has not won the coveted prize, or attained much distinction, can look back on his year's work, and honestly say to himself, "I did my best," he may rest assured that his school will not be ashamed of him.

There is a popular superstition in the school that the proper time to work is in the spring, and that the first of the year we only go to school out of compliment to our teachers. Of course the great and glorious first class knows better (or ought to), but among the others there is a dangerous tendency to let the work slip during the first four months. The boy who does this, with the intention of "plugging" the last three months, stands on a most precarious footing. More particularly is this true of the second class. Don't forget for a moment, class of 1903, that those preliminaries come next June, and that a cruel tyranny objects strongly to your taking those examinations unless you are recommended. Put in some good, solid work *now*, and it will be twice as easy to get your recommendation in June. It is the boy who does little or no work at the start who fails to be recommended. And to the whole school we say, "Begin your work *now*, not in April, and you will be in no danger of coming out of the little end of the horn."

It is an established custom of THE REGISTER to include among the editorials of each September issue, — and of most of the other issues, for that matter, — a certain moan or lamentation of the E.-I.-C. over the unwillingness of the school at large to contribute to the paper. We

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shall omit, both now and hereafter, all such tear-droppings, and content ourselves with stating that THE REGISTER is published by the *students* of the Latin School, as is duly set forth elsewhere, and hence all responsibility rests with the school at large. All complaints, therefore, should be addressed to the school, not at all to the editors.

However, as we are constantly asked what kind of contributions are most acceptable, it may not be out of place to make some remarks on the subject. In the first place, do not ask us what to write about. If you cannot think of a subject, you probably cannot write a story. Secondly, do not hand in detective or "Wily Injun" blood-curdlers unless you feel in your bones that you have written a pretty good story. A post-mortem examination of THE PUERP, of last year's REGISTER staff, showed that his insanity was brought on by the eating of only a quarter of a page of a red-hot Indian story which was floating around the sanctum at the time. Then we would request all gentlemen passing through the Dumas period not to put more than five murders and fifteen oaths into each page of manuscript, as this is the danger limit. Write humorous stories, long or short, parodies, skits, and accounts of interesting or amusing personal experiences. If the poetic muse fire you, write verses, but with great caution. Above all, whatever you write, use good English. This is of first importance, as nothing carelessly written will be considered for a moment. If you wish THE REGISTER to be a successful paper, and we would be most unwilling to think that there is any one in the Latin School who would not wish to see his school paper among the best, you must shoulder your share of responsibility.

OUR COVER DESIGN

Our cover design will, in all probability, be a source of much perplexity to the majority of our readers. Without preamble, therefore,

let us state at once that it represents a sealed document, on the outside of which is printed a passage from the Boston town record for the year 1635. This passage (the spelling modernized for the benefit of those unacquainted with ancient language) is as follows:—

"Likewise it was then generally agreed upon that our brother, Philemon Pormont, shall be intreated to become schoolmaster, for the teaching and nourture of children with us."

In the margin of the town record, and opposite the above entry, is the date which appears in the upper left-hand corner of the cover design, "1635, moneth, 2d, day, 13th." As at that time the old calendar was in use, the date, according to our reckoning, was April 13, 1635; and the passage quoted above was the official appointment of the first head-master of the Boston Latin School. They certainly would not insult our dignity by appointing teachers in the Latin School "for the nourture of children" nowadays, but in 1635 things were differently viewed, apparently. As a matter of fact, we do not know even whether our first head-master's name was Pormont or Pormort, but the former was the generally accepted spelling. Very little is known of him. He accepted the position of "scholmaster" which he held for three years, going to the colony of Exeter, N. H., with Rev. John Wheelwright and his party in 1638.

As to the cut itself, it was designed by Mr. H. L. Seaver, B. L. S., '96, to whose kindness in permitting us to make use of it we are greatly indebted, and was used by him for the cover of the '95-'96 REGISTER, of which he was editor-in-chief. In using this design we run the risk of being accused of lack of originality; but the cover is so appropriate and so excellently done, that we await in confidence the verdict of the school.

At present thirty-six of the first class are determined to drill. Each one of them expects a colonelcy at least.

DOMI MILITIAEQUE

There certainly could have been no pleasanter surprise in store for us on our return to school than to find that Dr. Merrill was again with us. While we regret to state that his health is by no means completely restored, we are sure that every member of the school felt a real and heart-felt pleasure in learning that he was so much improved as to be able to resume his duties this year as head-master.

We print the following from the *Boston Transcript*: —

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Awards of Bowdoin and Sumner Prizes
Announced.

The committee on the Bowdoin prizes has announced the award of the first undergraduate prize, the sum of \$250, to Robert Montraville Green, 1902, of Boston, and the second to Gilbert Holland Montague, 1901, of Springfield, Mass. The subject of Green's essay was "Vanity Fair and Becky Sharp," and that of Montague's, "The Rise of the Oil Monopoly." Both men belong to the first group of scholarship holders, Green having a John Harvard and Montague a Price Greenleaf scholarship. Under the new system of awarding the prizes, which makes the competition open to all undergraduates, the number of essays entered has been considerably increased. There were this year thirty-one essays in all, of which seven were in literary subjects, nine in philosophy, five in economics and politics, nine in history, and one in natural history. The competition was so close that the winning of these two prizes is considered by the committee one of the very highest scholarship honors of the year.

S. H. Bush, B. L. S., '96, Harvard, '01, is instructor in Romance Languages at the University of Iowa.

H. H. Morse, B. L. S., '96, Harvard, '00, is instructor in History and English Composition at the Ashfield Preparatory School, Ashfield, N. C.

H. S. Seaver, B. L. S., '96, Harvard, '00, is instructor in English at the Institute of Technology, Boston.

Phillips, B. L. S., '00, stroked the Harvard Freshman crew in the Yale race. Blake and Shubruk were both on the 'Varsity eight, of which Jackson was coxswain, all three B. L. S. men. Parmelee, our old foot-ball player, rowed on the Freshman crew a part of the season.

Knight, Wallis, and "Mugsy" McGrath have gone to Dartmouth. The latter should prove an invaluable addition to the college's foot-ball and base-ball teams.

The following boys have been selected as reporters from the various rooms. Their duty, as has been often stated before, is not merely to distribute the "REGISTER" among the subscribers in their rooms, but to hand in any amusing incidents that may occur in their respective rooms. If this second clause is not attended to, the reporters will be promptly changed.

Room	1.	Mosely.
"	2.	Kennedy.
"	3.	Shurtleff.
"	4.	Devonshire.
"	5.	House.
"	7.	Dreyfus.
"	8.	Butler.
"	9.	Unappointed.
"	11.	Bradlee.
"	12.	Hickey.
"	13.	Bailey.
"	14.	Paul.
"	15.	Kneeland
"	16.	Logan.
"	17.	Dougher.
"	18.	Parker.
"	23.	Murphy.
"	24.	Perry.

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A T H L E T I C S

BASE-BALL.

ON June 17, our hope of the championship of New England was dashed to earth in the deciding game with Somerville High at Tufts Oval. There was a large number of Somerville supporters present, but it was a ridiculously small band of Latin School men that braved the heat and the elevated and attempted to cheer the team to victory. Latin School started out well, but went to pieces in the fifth; and though the team put up a hard fight, it could not recover the lead.

The score by innings:

Innings	1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9
S. H. S.	0-0-1-0-5-0-2-0- — 8
B. L. S.	1-0-1-0-0-0-1-2-0 — 5

Below is the complete record of the team (championship games in italics):

B. L. S., 13	Dorchester, 10
B. L. S., 4	Groton, 8
B. L. S., 9	Natick, 0
B. L. S., 23	Salem, 5
B. L. S., 12	Harvard, '04, 11
B. L. S., 2	Lawrence, 9
B. L. S., 4	St. Mark's, 12
B. L. S., 11	Powder Point, 10
<i>B. L. S., 12</i>	<i>Cambridge Latin, 0</i>
<i>B. L. S., 5</i>	<i>Newton High, 3</i>
<i>B. L. S., 11</i>	<i>Hoppy, 6</i>
<i>B. L. S., 13</i>	<i>Brookline High, 4</i>
B. L. S., 5	Somerville High, 8
Total, 124	Total, 86
	Games won, 9
	Games lost, 4

NOTES.

McCarty has been chosen as captain of next season's base-ball team. Let us hope he will keep up the record established by last year's team.

If Captain McGrath's team didn't win the championship of New England, it won the first championship the Latin School has held since 1888. Perhaps athletics in the school are looking up.

McCarty, French, Sullivan, Shanahan, and White of last year's nine have returned to school.

The annual tennis tournament will be held during the first week of October. There will be a first and second prize for singles, and first prizes for doubles. Matches will be played wherever the contestants wish. The entrance fee will be 25 cents per man for singles or doubles. Entries close September 26, with

Gatch, Room 18.

Bruce, Room 13.

The prospects for this season's foot-ball team are very fair. Witherbee, Littlefield, and Devonshire, our last year's centre trio, are all back, as well as Roche and Sullivan, which ought to make a strong line. Back of the line McCarty is the only member of last year's team now in school, unless Armstrong returns. Witherbee has been chosen captain in place of Guild, and Littlefield, manager.

The school failed to give last year's base-ball team the support due the champion nine. Only thirty-one were at the Cambridge Latin game, fifty at the Newton High game (three-fourths were from Newton), and but 183 at the Brookline deciding game. There were *sixteen* at the Hoppy game from both schools — a magnificent showing, truly. If you cannot play, at least you can give the team your support by attending the games. Don't have such a record as the above this year.



Howe, B. L. S., '02, has gone to Columbia Medical School.

KICKERS' COLUMN

WHEN the question of a debating society was brought before the faculty last year it was decided not to organize such a society, partly because, we suppose, it is thought that the Latin School student had not time for his regular school-work and the work involved in the preparation of debates. We shall attempt to show the advantages and necessity of such a club and how important it is that a boy should have the training and practice which debating affords.

If a boy has been appointed to debate a given question, he will naturally seek to obtain information on the subjects involved in its discussion; and he will, of course, obtain facts which will fortify the position he is expected to take. His opponents will do the same and in the debate which follows each will discover the weakness as well as the strength of his position. Thus the debater gets a good insight into the questions which are engaging the attention of many thoughtful people and taxing the wisdom of legislators.

By far more important, however, than the mere knowledge of facts is the practice obtained in extemporaneous speaking, in refuting and summing up arguments, in speaking without the aid of manuscript, in picking from the material for debate only the more important points, and, finally, in combining the different points in a logical form. The ability to speak on the spur of the moment without hesitating, blundering, or continually making grammatical errors is acquired, not by study but by practice. Such an ability is invaluable to a professional man, and in a debating society an opportunity is presented for cultivating this ability. Speaking from notes or topics without bungling is not done by intuition, but is truly an art which practice and study slowly develops.

A debating club also offers an opportunity for the boy to put into practice the ordinary

rules of parliamentary law. It is an admitted fact that a knowledge of parliamentary law is gained by practice alone. No person who has anything to do with the business of public meetings or assemblies, be he laborer or college graduate, should be without this knowledge. Parliamentary law is absolutely indispensable and the study of it cannot be begun too soon.

An objection to the club is, as we have heretofore said, a lack of time. Let us consider this question of time. Our debating club meets fortnightly from October to May. One boy will not regularly debate more than three times in the whole year. At the most there will be during the year four public debates, in more than two of which the same boy in all probability will not take part. Here it may be urged that since the majority will not debate more than three times in a year, as only the best debaters will participate in the public debates, the boy is not amply compensated for the time he spends in the meetings of the club. In opposition to this argument we will say that at each meeting the discussion of the question for debate is open for three-minute speeches to whoever desires to speak. Thus at every meeting each member of the society may obtain experience in debating.

The writer will say in conclusion that he is not making these statements without a foundation in the testimony of those who have engaged in debating during their school course, and in his own observation. He has seen green, awkward hands at debating, in three years' time develop into good debaters, accomplishing what he has above claimed a debating society can furnish. A prominent clergyman of the city told him that he would not exchange the benefits received from the participation in debating societies during his school course for those obtained from any one study.

We have in what precedes simply stated the

L a t i n S c h o o l R e g i s t e r 15

arguments in favor of a debating club with very little attempt to elaborate them. It seems to us a great mistake that a matter so helpful and beneficial to the boy in later life as a debating club can be should not be sanctioned and encouraged by the faculty. It is our hope to secure the co-operation of the teachers in this thing and obtain the privilege of giving public debates before the school as was done two years ago. The assistance of the masters will add strength to the club which it otherwise cannot have.

E. E. B., '03.



THE LEGEND OF THE CUP

(Continued from Page 5.)

They feasted again as they did before,
The baron drank from the cup, only more.

“This wine of the Rhineland which I drink
down,
The ghost of proud Heinrich, my foe, will
drown.”

He laughed as he spoke; and his men
laughed too;
They laughed and they drank thus, the whole
night through.

Awake sat the woman in Elsa's room
Her sleepy eyes peering across the gloom.

The moonlight was silver upon her hair;
The child's made it gold as it rested there.

At first she imagined that shapes she saw
Disporting themselves on the walls and
floor.

But vain were her fears, so, at last, she
thought
That Elsa by nightmare had been dis-
traught.

And, little by little, as fear gave way,
More sleepy she grew, and she longed for
day —

Yet, just as the bell in the castle tower,
With mournful rings four, indicates the
hour,

She looks towards the tapestry on the wall
And there stands the ghost, fit to appall

A man, let alone an old woman, who
Each story of ghosts in the country knew.

It was short and staggering; fastened tight
Around its head was a large towel white.

How frightened she was! Yet, 'though
old and weak,
She almost awaked the house with her shriek.

In rushed the guards (Elsa awoke) amazed
They were, and stood still. For see! as
they gazed,

The towel fell off of the phantom's head,
No ghost, but the baron, they saw instead.

His eyes were wide open; his hair was wet;
He had not yet spoken; nor moved he yet.

Poor Elsa was frightened. Oh, loud and
long
The guardsmen they laughed. There was
now a throng

With torches around. In the midst, my
lord,
Astounded, chagrined, still without a word.

A moment, a silence. Then forth from the
throng
Stept forth an old guardsman, his friend
staunch, life-long.

And, wringing his hand with a hearty shake,
Aloud to his master, midst laughter, spake:

“The wine, which last night, you, my lord,
drank down
Yourself with old Heinrich's false ghost did
drown.”

D. H. P.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS

FORTY-TWO members of the class of 1901 took both the preliminary and final examinations at Harvard. By the college system of rating this aggregated 1108 "points," of which 1038, or over 93 per cent. were passed successfully. "Credit" — insured by a mark of *A* or *B* — was awarded as follows: —

F. A. Alden, *Elem. Greek*.
 E. L. Booth, *Elem. Greek*.
 J. N. Clark, *Elem. Greek, Adv. Greek, Adv. Lat.*
 E. W. Cook, *Elem. Lat., Plane Geom.*
 H. W. Crosby, *Elem. Greek*.
 F. J. Denning, *Elem. Lat.*
 D. H. Dewar, *Elem. Greek, Adv. Greek*.
 A. L. Doggett, *Phys.*
 J. C. L. Dowling, *Elem. French*.
 J. A. Finn, *Elem. Lat.*
 E. V. Ford, *Elem. French*.
 C. H. Frost, *Elem. Lat., Elem. Alg., Phys., Adv. Lat.*
 J. F. Greene, *Elem. French, Adv. Greek, Adv. Lat.*
 T. K. Hahn, *Elem. Greek, Elem. French, Adv. Greek*.
 L. H. Leary, *Elem. Latin, Elem. Alg.*
 A. F. Levy, *Elem. Greek, Elem. Lat., Adv. Lat., Hist., Geom.*
 C. Lublin, *Eng., Elem. Greek., Elem. Lat., Hist., Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin, Adv. French*.
 J. E. Lynch, *Elem. Greek, Elem. Lat., Elem. Alg., Phys., Adv. Greek, Adv. Lat., Geom.*
 T. H. McMahan, *Elem. Greek, Elem. Lat.*
 F. V. Murphy, *Elem. Alg., Adv. Greek*.
 J. V. O'Keefe, *Elem. Greek, Hist.*
 M. S. O'Riorden, *Elem. French*.
 H. P. Porter, *Adv. French*.
 W. J. Riley, *Elem. Greek*.
 H. Sheffer, *Elem. Greek, Elem. Lat., Elem. French, Elem. Alg., Adv. Greek, L. C., Geom., Phys., Solid Geom.*

A. N. Swain, *Elem. Greek*.

L. F. Wallis, *Phys.*

J. C. Walsh, *Elem. Greek, Elem. French, Plane Geom., Adv. Greek, Adv. Latin*.

Fifty-four members of the class of 1902 took the preliminary examinations at Harvard last year, aggregating 758 "points," of which 728, or 96 per cent. were passed. Credit was awarded as follows: —

I. J. Banash, *Latin*.

A. G. Barton, *Greek*.

H. A. Bellows, *Greek, Latin, Elem. French, Alg., Hist.*

S. Bergson, *Greek*.

E. H. Bonelli, *Greek, Alg.*

J. A. Brandley, *Greek, Latin*.

H. E. Brennick, *Greek*.

A. T. Dawson, *Greek, Elem. French, Alg.*

W. B. Dinsmoor, *Greek, Hist.*

L. A. Dougher, *Greek*.

H. I. Dyer, *Greek, Alg.*

E. Finberg, *Alg.*

W. J. Fitzpatrick, *Greek, Alg.*

J. A. Flanagan, *Greek*.

W. H. Freeman, *Greek*.

C. W. French, *Greek*.

G. G. Gatch, *Greek*.

H. H. Harbour, *Greek, Latin, Elem. French, Alg.*

C. B. Hibbard, *Latin, Alg.*

L. S. Hicks, *Greek*.

T. F. Jones, *Greek, Lat., Elem. French, Alg., Adv. French*.

J. E. Keefe, *Latin, Alg.*

C. L. Kimball, *Latin*.

H. A. Lanpher, *Greek*.

I. H. Lazarus, *Greek, Alg.*

J. Lissner, *Greek, Latin, Elem. French*.

C. F. Mahoney, *Elem. French*.

G. C. Mansfield, *Greek, Latin, Elem. French*.

H. E. Mason, *Greek, Elem. French, Alg.*

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C. P. Middleton, <i>Greek, Latin, Alg.</i>	R. S. Richey, <i>Greek, Elem. French.</i>
C. Monro, <i>Greek, Hist.</i>	E. F. Schwarzenberg, <i>Greek, Alg.</i>
W. C. Nugent, <i>Greek, Hist.</i>	T. M. Simpson, <i>Greek, Latin, Elem.</i>
D. H. Parker, <i>Latin, Greek, Elem. French,</i>	<i>French, Alg., Adv. French.</i>
<i>Hist., Alg.</i>	L. Strauss, <i>Greek, Elm. French, Alg.</i>
L. M. Rand, <i>Greek.</i>	R. E. Tracy, <i>Greek, Hist.</i>
H. C. Reardon, <i>Latin.</i>	F. M. Walsh, <i>Greek, Latin, Elem. French.</i>
W. G. Reed, <i>Alg.</i>	

THE LAST TOAST

For a half score years have I served
my king,
And the Roundheads felt my
rapier's sting ;
Till Old Noll swore roundly he'd
make me swing ;

And now he has caught me. Well,
faith, I've fought,
And stood by the king, as a
subject ought,
So what if they do cut my life
off short ?

Why, 'tis but a moment, and then
no more,
And many a comrade has gone
before ;
— What — the executioner at the
door !

Nay, I am ready ; bring in your
carles ;
There's wine in that bottle will
stop their snarls,
Faith, here's my last toast in 't,
“ God save King Charles ! ”

H. A. B.

CLASS ELECTIONS

ON Wednesday, September 18, at 2.05 P. M., the class of 1902 held its first election of class officers. Mr. Campbell presided until the president was elected, after which time bedlam reigned in the Exhibition hall. It was moved that the officers hold their positions till after the April vacation, when a second election will take place. After a few motions, most of which never reached the chairman's ears, the election of the class president was held. French was elected with thirty-seven votes to Davison's nine and Galvin's eight. At this juncture THE REGISTER reporter lost his hat, — the first article of cloth-

ing he was to lose in this ordeal. Brandley beat Phinney for vice-president, thirty-one to eighteen ; whereupon Phinney promptly was elected secretary and treasurer in a close election, two ballots being necessary. (Here our reporter was knocked down and stamped upon).

The first ballot for Secretary : —

Phinney, 19 votes.

Barton, 19 “

Toomey, 18 “

The second, Toomey having withdrawn:—

Phinney, 33 votes.

Barton, 21 “

Most of the class were nominated for this

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position, almost all declining "with thanks." Then came the real work of the day. With French in the chair, Phinney at the blackboard, and the house in uproar, the Class Day committee was voted for. Those elected were ;

Bergson, 27 votes.
Hicks, 37 "
Harbour, 38 "
Parker, 39 "
Bellows, 40 "

Hereupon our reporter was subject to a fresh series of assaults. A long pause ensued, broken only by the howls of the reporter, until the coming Paderewski of the class of 1902 played a selection on the piano, to which Galvin performed a ballet. Next came the Photograph committee, the single aim of some three-quarters of the class (we wonder why). Amid howls and wails from disappointed candidates, the successful names were put on the blackboard as follows:—

Richy, 23 votes.
Grimes, 23 "
Wood, 22 "
Flanagan, 20 "
Godvin, 20 "

Here some unscrupulous wretch moved that the Class Day committee count the votes, which it was compelled to do. The votes for the Dance committee were counted amid all the discordant noises ever heard ; the reporter—what was left of him—counted five people playing on the piano at once. The results were (no unsuccessful candidates are named, as the editor desires to survive the appearance of this issue) —:

Strauss, 23 votes.
Davison, 38 "
Bonelli, 29 "
Galvin, 44 "
Dyer, 51 "

Dyer getting the highest number of votes given to one person in the whole election.

The last election was that for the Pin committee, selected as follows : —

Reardon, 20 votes.
Keefe, 20 "
Middleton, 19 "
Gatch, 17 "
Jones, 16 "

The remains of the meeting adjourned at 4 o'clock, leaving the president to clear up the wreckage.



Cæsar, omnibus completis, summa diligentia Romam profectus est.

Cæsar, the omnibus being full, set out for Rome on the top of the diligence.—Ex.

Un douzain de paysans jouait aux cartes.

A dozen peasants were playing on their carts.

Omnes mores rumpiunt.

All the Rumpians died.

Diu in sede alta puer sedet.

The god on high sat the boy in his seat.



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